

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXIV.

JANUARY, 1916

No. 8

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class
mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 8.

THE YEARS ARE SLIPPING AWAY	85
FOUR KINDS OF PIETY	85
THE STILL HOUR	89
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	90
THE MOTHER'S COUNCIL:— HOW TO READ	92
NATURAL HISTORY:— THE ELBERFELD HORSES	93
BIOGRAPHY:— THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF JOHN MILTON	95
BE KIND	97
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW	98
MY BEST WISH FOR MY FRIENDS	98
A DOG WITH A WOODEN LEG	98
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	99
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE	100
IMPORTANT NOTICES	100

THE YEARS ARE SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away, these sweet, swift
years,

Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes hid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim lighted stair,
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample them under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
And never an angry word.

—*Selected.*

FOUR KINDS OF PIETY.

*"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and
with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy
strength. This is the first and great commandment. The
second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."*
—MATT. xxii. 37-40.

I propose to speak to you to-day of four
kinds of piety. I wish we could find another
word to express our love to God, for the word
piety has fallen into some disrepute at the
present time, and has not an inviting sound
to many ears. To some it is associated with
spiritual pride, hypocritical profession, reli-
gious talk which is not borne out by upright
action, and sometimes with coarse and vulgar
denunciation and arrogance. To others
piety seems a good thing, but almost too
good for this world; good for exceptional
persons, for born saints; proper enough for
clergymen; but hardly to be demanded of
men and women who have to work all day in
the midst of worldly matters. What I wish
to show, therefore, is that true piety, or love
to God, is the most simple, natural, and
rational action of the human mind; that it
is for every one, everywhere; that it is neces-
sary, not so much for future salvation as for
present peace and successful lives. That, in
short, it is something which none of us can
do without, and which we can all have.

But to show this I must distinguish be-
tween different kinds of piety, in order that
we may see the difference between its sub-
stance and its accidental varying forms.

There is one important question, however,
which comes first, which needs consideration.
Piety is love to God. But how can love be a
duty? Can we ever love as a duty, or by an
effort of the will? Whatever we are com-
manded to do we ought to be able to do by
our own efforts, for the limit of obligation is
power. Anything which is an act of the will
may be done in obedience to a command; but
how can an affection be commanded? The
child does not love his father, mother,
brothers, and sisters because it is a duty, but
because he is made happy by their inter-
course.

How, then, can we love God in obedience to
a command? Especially when God is so far

off, an invisible being, dwelling in light inaccessible, infinitely removed from all our experience?

I answer frankly that it is impossible. No human effort can create love, and therefore when the New Testament makes love the fulfilment of all duty, and says that without love no duty can be done as it ought to be, it does not and cannot mean a duty which can be done by a mere effort of the will.

But God, when he asks anything of us, gives us the power to do it. When he asks the child to love its parents, it makes the duty easy by causing them first to love their child. Because the child sees love in its father's and mother's face from the beginning, it easily loves them in return. The mother's love for her infant creates, or at least develops and brings out, the answering affection of the infant. The mother's loving look is reflected from her infant's face as in a mirror. The children may say of their parents, "We love them because they first loved us." And the apostle of love, John, tells us that piety is born in the same way, "We love him because he first loved us."

We can therefore only love God by our seeing in some way that he loves us. In this matter we cannot take the initiative. We cannot love God in order to induce him to love us. As the infant looks up into its mother's face, and sees her tender, happy smile, so we must see God's smile descending into our hearts from that inaccessible throne. We cannot go up there to find him; but be sure that, if he wishes for our love, he will come down to us, and find us. What we have to do, and all that we can do, is to look up and see his smile, to open our hearts and receive his love. We can choose to receive it, or refuse. We can put ourselves in a receptive attitude, or not do so. And when God commands us to love him, he only says, "Look at me, and see how I love you."

But there are four different ways by which we look, four different methods of seeing God's love; and these produce the four different forms of piety. There may be more, and doubtless are more than four; but these constitute the principal varieties of this great influence and this vast joy.

1. The first kind of piety is emotional piety, or piety of the feelings. There are two varieties of this, the sacramental and the sympathetic. Sacramental piety is born of faith in the grace of God given through sacraments. It is found most often in the great sacramental churches. There is a devout pleasure derived from taking part in the ceremonies and ritual, the great festivals, the liturgies and anthems made memorable

by the worship of a thousand years. There is a sincere comfort and peace felt in leaving the world of noise and traffic, and entering into the solitudes of prayer and praise, into the house of God which seems the gate of heaven. How many great and good souls, saints and martyrs, have been fed by these ceremonies, and lifted above the earth by their solemn influence! The imagination is touched by the grand religious architecture, the imposing ceremonies, the divine music, and the vast multitude of adoring worshippers. He who cannot feel this is deficient in some of the human sentiments.

Another form of this kind of piety is the sympathetic emotion caught from crowds. This is awakened in revivals, camp-meetings, and social religious gatherings, where those who come to scoff often remain to pray. As God is felt to be near in the solemn rites and awful forms of the sacramental churches, so he is also felt to be present in the contagious fire which runs through a meeting of warm-hearted worshippers. In both places many feel, for the first time, that God is not far from us, that we are his children, and are made to realize a father's love. They learn to love God with all their heart.

2. *The Piety of Personal Salvation.* Then there is a second kind of piety, the grace of God which brings salvation from sin; which comes from a sense of pardoned sin; which has had great power, and accomplished vast results. It has always existed, side by side with sacramental and emotional piety, but it became most conspicuous as the great motive power of the Protestant Reformation. While the sacramental and emotional churches—the Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, and Methodists—find the presence and love of God revealed to them in their public and social worship, the Calvinistic denominations struggle and agonize and pray alone, and receive a sense of God's pardoning love given to their own soul for their personal salvation. Through this struggle each one goes by himself; he is alone with his conscience and his God. He seeks and finds salvation for himself, and loves God with an intense gratitude for having ransomed and redeemed him from sin and evil. He loves God with all his soul, for that is what God has saved from despair and death.

3. There is a third kind of piety—one in which men love God with all their mind, seeing his boundless goodness in all the mysteries of creation; feeling that from him and through him and to him are all things. This is the piety which inspires the sublime song of Milton, the universal prayer of Pope,

the solemn litanies of Wordsworth, and the tender strains of Whittier. These poets see God in the majesty of nature, in the changing year, in the vast laws of the universe, which are from everlasting to everlasting. They say:—

“These, as they change, Almighty Father,
these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee.”

Swedenborg was one who loved God with all his mind, who lived in the thought of God's presence in all things, to whom all nature, all life was a manifestation of God. So, too, was Spinoza, the “God-intoxicated man,” as Schleiermacher called him, living in loneliness, poverty, obscurity, but thinking of God all day long. So, too, among the Greeks was Plato, whose vast religious influence has been felt among religious thinkers down to our times. All these loved God with all their mind, and the grace of God came to them through their thoughts. Science, too, in our day is growing deeply religious. It occupies itself with the methods of divine creation, with questions of universal law. It leaves the details of mere observation, which was the method of the last century, and loses itself in vast speculations as to the whence and how.

We have seen three ways by which the grace of God comes, creating piety. By a sense of a divine presence coming through sacraments and churches; by a sense of a divine presence coming through religious meetings; by a sense of a divine presence coming through the death of Christ, rendering the soul free from all sin and evil; and by the sense of the divine presence coming through religious thought and intellectual inquiry. Now, we ask, Is there any other way by which we can enter into the love of God? by which practical men, immersed in business, yet desirous of not wholly losing the religious life, wishing to see and know and serve God, can also enter into his love? There are great numbers of men who cannot, or at least do not, become pious in any of the previous ways. They do not enjoy rituals or take delight in sentimental religion. Nor do they get any good from revival meetings, or believe in the religion of sympathy. They are more accustomed to stand firm on their feet, not to be carried away by excitement or emotion. Nor do they go far into the experiences of those who make Christianity a mere question of the salvation of the individual soul, of sin and pardon. They are conscientious men, who have always meant to do right. They know, to

be sure, that they have done wrong things, but they are sorry for them, and they believe that God will forgive them, just as they forgive any one who has injured them and is sorry for it. Nor are they religious thinkers, spending their time in meditation on God, duty, and immortality. They are doing the work of the world. Is there any kind of piety which they can have, or are they to be always left, as they have been usually left, to work without the inspiration and joy which come from the sense of God's love in what they do?

I answer that I believe there is still another way in which God's love can come to man. I believe that work also can be a sacrament by which the divine grace may be mediated; that love may descend into the soul by means of labor; that duty may be the step upward into piety; that we may be full of God while engaged in our daily work, and that what is often called mere morality may be the natural way to an inward spiritual life.

Thus may the grace of God which brings salvation come to those who are seeking to serve their fellow-man. We can come to God through work. Work may lead us into prayer. We may learn to pray, not as a duty, not as a sentiment, not from sympathy, not for our own salvation, not by an intellectual piety, but because we need the help of God to do what we want to do for man.

There is work which can be done, perhaps, without God, mechanical work, routine work, which is only done with the hands. But whenever an occasion occurs in which we work to help others, but do not know how; in which we ought to do something for them, but are unable to do it aright; then we may throw ourselves on the help of God. We may then say to God, “My Father, I am here, ready to do anything I can; show me how to do it.” And then, by some sure but mysterious law, the way is opened, the help comes. We see then that as faith leads to work, so also work may lead to faith.

This is the new form of piety which is to be; the new Christ who is to come. It is the piety coming from work as a sacrament, the religious form of duty. And I think it will be in some respects higher and stronger, deeper and more thorough, than the sentimental piety of the church, the emotional piety of the revival meeting, the salvation piety of the Calvinist, or the intellectual piety of the religious thinker. It will be loving God with all our strength. The moment we undertake any really Christian work we need this kind of piety. Here, for instance, is a young girl who takes a class in a Sunday-school. She desires not merely

to hear them repeat lessons from the Bible, but to lead these children to God. She wishes to put into their soul some principle by which they can be kept safe amid all the trials and temptations which may come. But how can she ever do such a great work? She feels wholly inadequate to the task. She is discouraged when she thinks of it. Therefore she may very likely give it up, and say she is not fit to be a teacher, that she does not know how, that she is not good enough, and the like. But suppose she believed that whenever we wish to do any Christian work, any good for others, some power will come to us if we ask it. Then, instead of giving up her class of children, she will simply ask before each meeting that God may help her to do them real good; and if she finds that prayer always answered she will go on with increasing courage and faith.

Let us suppose another is asked to be a visitor to the poor. This, also, is a difficult duty. To go as a friend, not as a patron; to help, and not to harm; to make them feel that you are a brother or a sister, not an official visitor; to say the right thing, the wisest thing, to put a new spirit of faith, hope, cheer, confidence into their hearts; who can do this by any power of his own? But if we believe that there is a divine law, working as regularly as the laws of physics and chemistry, by which a prayer to do good shows us how, and gives us power which we should not have unless we prayed, then we can go to any task, however difficult, with courage and faith.

How we shrink from going to see one in some terrible distress—some one on whom an awful calamity has fallen! We say, "What can I do? I can do nothing." But if we believed that God would certainly give us power to say the right word, to pour life and comfort into that heart, if we asked for such power, then we should go instantly and cheerfully, because we should not go in our own strength, but relying wholly on God.

I am often called to see the dying or the bereaved. Once I was afraid to go, would postpone it till I could think of the right thing to say. Now I go at once, because I know that the right thing will be given me in that hour. And the promise of the Master seems to be always verified: "Take no thought what to say or speak, for it shall be given you in that hour what ye ought to say."

Jesus says, "If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it. Ask and receive, that your joy may be full." Again he says that God will give all things when we ask in the name of Christ. Now, to "ask in the name of Christ" is certainly not to use the word

"Christ." It is not to say "We ask it through Jesus Christ." It is to ask in the spirit of Christ. But the spirit of Christ is that which does good to others. When we wish to do good to others, we are in the spirit of Christ. If then we pray for power to help others, we are praying in the name of Christ. Then we may ask anything, and be sure that it will be done. Some power, some faith, some love, some wisdom will always come to us, to help us to help others.

Thus may piety be born of duty; and work be a sacrament, helping us to come into the love of God. All the other methods of piety are good, but perhaps this may be the best of all. It comes last, but it is the best. The piety is good which comes to the human soul through churches and worship; through sympathy and communion; through the sense of sin and the sense of forgiveness; through intellectual aspiration scaling the heights of universal law. But possibly the best of all may be the faith born of work, the piety which comes through duty, the prayer which is made for power to help our fellow-men.

This piety which is born out of morality will have this advantage. It will come nearer than any other to the prayer without ceasing. As these Christian duties come, not on Sunday only, but all through the week, this will be a piety for all the working hours of life. As we see the results of this prayer always, our faith will be always growing stronger.

This prayer will bring us near to Christ, as well as to God, for it will be the result of work done for Christ, as well as for God. It will be natural, rational, and practical. We shall pray just as we work, because there is something to be done which cannot be done well without prayer. This piety will be for men as well as for women, and we shall no more hear it said that religion is excellent for one half of the human race and not for the other. The prayer of action will balance and fulfil the prayer of sentiment. This prayer will be more universal than any other, for all persons are called to do Christian work, but not all men are sacramentally inclined; not all are able to believe in the atonement; not all are disposed to sympathetic religion; not all are made for philosophical piety.

Finally, this piety which comes from daily Christian work tends to develop the highest form of Christian character. For it makes religion not a separate part of life, but an inspiration of the whole; not a sentimental feeling appropriate to Sundays and churches, but a vitalizing power creating love, thought, and action all the time. It gives a well-rounded character, in which action and love,

morality and piety, works and faith, are harmonized and made one. It makes the natural life also supernatural; it brings down heaven to earth and lifts earth to heaven.

Theodore Parker once criticised Unitarians, saying that they had not much piety among them. It is true that they do not incline to sentimental piety, nor to sacramental piety, nor to the piety of creeds, excitement, and revivals. They do not easily assimilate with the piety of the atonement and expiation, which loves God because of one's personal salvation from death and destruction. They have not much taste for philosophical or mystical piety, and I am afraid it will be long before Mr. Barrett, the Swedenborgian, leads them to the Swedish seer for consolation. But they are admirably fitted to receive the piety which comes from work born out of daily duty; the prayer uttered just when occasion arises, not at set times, or as a form or ceremony. They are made especially for this kind of religion, and I hope and anticipate that through them will come the great revelation of divine love acting through steadfast law; of an influx of life which comes down into every soul that seeks strength for it daily; for a power of God which can revolutionize the world. Then will the love of God and the love of man be seen to be one, and the whole Christian life be formulated in four blessed words—from God, for man!

No doubt, all these four forms of piety are meant to be united. The time will come in which we shall meet God in the church and also in the street; in the communion of saints and in the loneliness of the agony of the Garden; in the depths of spiritual thought, and the daily life of duty. All will be steps of Jacob's ladder leading up to heaven, on which the angels of God will be going up to carry prayers, and coming down to bring blessings.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

NEW YEAR'S MOTTOES.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet,
I asked and paused. He answered, soft and low,

"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?"
I cried.

But ere the question into silence died
The answer came, "Nay, this remember too,
'God's will to do.'"

Once more I asked, "Is there still more to tell?"

And once again the answer sweetly fell,

"Yea, this one thing all other things above,
'God's will to love.'"

—*Selected.*

In this world all our activity and all our joy come from three sources,—thought, love, work. First, there is intelligence, exercise of intellect, creating our knowledge, giving the power of thinking accurately and justly. There is that inspiration, which all men share more or less, by which a stream of new ideas flows into the mind from some upper source. This is one fountain of human joy. A second source of contentment is work. To be able to exercise our powers, to accomplish something, to bring order out of confusion, to add something to the wealth of the world,—this is another source of great satisfaction. And, thirdly, there is love. To be able to go out of ourselves, to sympathize with others, to enter into their needs and perplexities, to help them forward, to enjoy and reverence great qualities of mind and heart, to feel at home in the society and friendship of other minds,—this is another of the essentials of happiness. But, when we have them all united, we have a sort of heaven, even in this life. That is why Paul spoke of sitting in heavenly places with Jesus Christ now.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

To fill out our life to utmost completeness is the divine demand for all of us, whether we have advantages or disadvantages. If we lack beauty of form we must fill out by cultivating specially the grace of genial behavior. If we have personal beauty we must fill out by adding the substance of character.

In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.—*Isaiah xxx. 15.*

"Be still—the crown of life is silentness;
Give thou a quiet hour to each long day;
Too much of time we spend in profitless
And foolish talk,—too little do we say."

"I shall pass through this world but once;
therefore whatever good thing there is which
I may do, *let me do it now*, let me not post-
pone nor defer it, for I shall not come this
way again."

I will this day try to live a simple, sincere,
and serene life, repelling promptly every
thought of discontent, anxiety, discourage-

ment, impurity, and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditure, careful in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust, and a child-like faith in God.—*Bishop John H. Vincent's Morning Resolve for the New Year.*

And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.—*Matt.* xxi. 22.

Say, what is prayer when it is prayer indeed? The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

—*Trench.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss Mary Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "Principles of Decorative Design," Dresser; "Paradise Lost," Milton; "Education," Herbert Spencer; "Sunset Land," Todd; "Power through Repose," Call; "Recollections of a Naval Officer, 1841-65"; "A Journey round my Room"; "Under the Sun" (Journey in India); "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son"; "Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities"; "French Revolution," Michelet; "Faith, Hope, and Love," James Freeman Clarke; "The Cost of Living," Ellen H. Richards; "Instincts and Intelligence of Animals," Lubbock; "Geography with Sand Modeling," Frye; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Longfellow; Burke on "Conciliation"; Charades; Cook Book.

For the following please apply to Mrs. Marion G. Atwell, 605 West 115th Street, New York City: "The Princess Aline"; "Caleb Conover, Railroadman"; "Prima-donna"; "Red Lane"; "Reveries of a Bachelor"; "Joseph Vance"; "For Jacinta"; "Diary of a Bride"; "Little Minister," Barrie; "Web of Life"; "Lightning Conductor"; "Prince Chap"; "Somehow Good"; "That Printer of Udell's"; "Book of Song and Service," compiled by Rev. E. A. Horton.

The Brighton Branch offers the following books. Address Miss Carrie L. Murdock, 120 Allston Street, Boulevard Station, Boston, Mass.:—

Novels.

"The Jonathan Papers," Elizabeth Woodbridge; "One Wonderful Night," Louis Tracy; "Peeps at People," John Kendrick Bangs; "Mary Mary," James Stephens; "The Main Chance," Meredith Nicholson; "A Year Worth Living," William M. Baker; "A Hard-won Victory," Litchfield; "The Tony Loon," Sarah Orne Jewett; "A Parisian Year," Henry Bacon.

Girls' Books.

"Hester Stanley's Friends," Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Christine," Elizabeth W. Pendleton; "Heathercliff," Emma Marshall; Pictures from Paris in War and Siege of 1871, by American lady.

REQUESTS.

1. Miss Pearl Payne, Tryon, Nebraska, asks for "Little Men," "Little Women," and "Old-fashioned Girl."

2. Miss Addie Vaughn, Athens, Tennessee, asks for post-cards on her twenty-sixth birthday, January 20, 1916. She thanks those who have remembered her, and asks for an organ chart.

3. I want to thank you for your kindness in sending me reading. I wrote last two years ago and I was remembered very generously; but I was very sick and unable to write at the time, and the addresses of the senders were lost. I should like to receive the *American Journal of Nursing* or the *Trained Nurse Magazine*, or other reading. My husband would like a farm paper. Mrs. Arno Bacon, Winterport, Maine.

4. I want to thank the one who sends me the *Cheerful Letter*; also for the magazines I have been getting. I am so much alone and closely confined with two little children, I should so much enjoy some reading. Would some of you send me any of the following: *Ladies' World*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Home Companion*? All will be so acceptable. And please send me a good book when you can and I will share my reading with others. Thanking you in advance, (Mrs.) John R. Harris, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

5. Mrs. E. Pegram would be glad to receive *Modern Priscilla*, *Woman's Home Com-*

panion, or *Ladies' Home Journal*, or anything on crochet. Address Canton, North Carolina.

6. Will some one please send me the following books: "The Sinking of the Titanic," "Ben Hur," "The Lays of Ancient Rome," "The Life of Christ"? Should like also to have picture books for my little sister that stays with me. I have received a few magazines, which I appreciated very much. Mrs. C. W. Pendleton, Elamsville, Virginia.

7. I am writing to thank you and my *Cheerful Letter* friends for all the nice reading they have sent me. I am very lonely since my husband died; am not able to go out much. I and my blind boy live alone. I should like some good reading books or magazines. My address was Fredonia, South Seventh Street, 318; but now it will be Toronto, Kansas. Mrs. Isabell Bailey, Toronto, Kansas.

8. The readers of the *Cheerful Letter* will please accept my thanks for the literature I have already received. I have been teaching in the country since August 30, and have changed my address, and I shall be so glad of any good books or other literature any one will send me for myself and pupils. I particularly desire a copy of Whittier's "Snow Bound," and some educational magazines; but anything in the way of good reading matter will be appreciated. Address Miss Sue Hardie, Hurt, Pittsylvania County, Virginia.

9. I live in the country on a farm seven miles from town. I like to read and should be very grateful for books, magazines, or any reading for myself and my little step-grandchildren. Mrs. Eva Collins, Blakely, Georgia, R. F. D. 1.

10. I wish to thank all who have sent me literature this summer. I have been ill and the reading did help me so much. Miss E. M. Gould has been so lovely to me; has sent me magazines several times. I am trying to get up a good library and will appreciate any good book to add to it. I have several of my former school girls that read with me. Will somebody send us December and November numbers of *Ladies' Home Journal*? We shall be glad of any of Gene Stratton Porter's works, or Barclay's. We wish to be able to get complete works of Scott. A copy of Milton's poems will help us, too. Please remember any good reading will be appreciated. Mrs. G. W. Martin, Jr., Whitaker's North Carolina, Route 1.

11. Mrs. M. E. Masongale, Ironsburg, Tennessee, asks for reading for herself and children, especially picture books for the small children.

12. I have received no reading matter from any of you for two years, I suppose because I have changed my address so many times. I should like to receive some good books and magazines for myself; also some agricultural magazines for my husband, and some books suitable for my children. I have nine, ranging from nine months to twelve years old. The older ones would like books to read; the younger ones some picture books. Will you kindly help me? So, asking the Divine blessing on the *Cheerful Letter* Club, I remain, Mrs. Mary Heckard, Buffalo, Kansas, R. F. D. 2, Box 54.

13. Mrs. Albert Owen, Sandy Level, Virginia, Box 76, a farmer's wife living in the country, asks for reading for her family,—four sons, oldest fifteen years.

14. Miss E. H. Broadbudd, Glen Allen, Virginia, who is much alone, and fond of reading, will be glad of good books.

15. Mrs. Dollie Gay, Vera, Texas, asks for magazines.

16. Mrs. Nellie C. Wilbur, 2235 M Street, San Diego, California, asks for reading for her oldest son, who has tuberculosis and is unable to work.

17. Mrs. B. F. Walters, Athens, Texas, asks for good reading.

18. Mrs. Zach Coffey, Alto, Amherst County, Virginia, is much in need of books for her six children, and asks for Frye's Higher Geography; Grammar, Book II., by Mary Hyde; Physiology, by Ritchie; New Word Speller; Advanced Arithmetic; Payne's "Common Words Commonly Misspelled."

19. Mrs. A. P. Shepherd, Sanddages, Virginia, asks for reading, and especially the *Cheerful Letter*.

20. Mrs. W. H. Harris, Pleasant View, Virginia (formerly Miss Katie E. Shepherd), asks for *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Woman's Home Companion*.

21. Mrs. J. B. Kline, 10 Western Avenue, Topeka, Kansas, asks for the following set of books for a deserving student: Encyclopedia of law and procedure.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Nellie Hawley, from Snowville to Foster Falls, Virginia.

Mrs. George Laurence, Spokane, Wash., has moved to a larger place, and does not care for more reading.

Mrs. W. P. Ware is now at Somerville, Tennessee, Training School for Teachers.

Mrs. Laura M. Hallett, from Winchester to 37 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass.

NOTICE.

The Committee would be grateful for subscriptions to the *Cheerful Letter* to be sent directly to the lonely, from the office. The requests far exceed our supply, and as it means so much to those "shut-ins and shut-outs," we should be glad to fill these requests.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

HOW TO READ.

(Continued from last number.)

When you have carefully gone down this original list, and made your memoranda for it, you are prepared to work out these memoranda. You begin now to see how many there are. You must be guided, of course, in your reading, by the time you have, and by the opportunity for getting the books. But, aside from that, you may choose what you like best, for a beginning.

Remember, however, that there are no royal roads. The difference between a well-educated person and one not well educated is, that the first knows how to find what he needs, and the other does not. It is not so much that the first is better informed on details than the second, though he probably is. But his power to collect the details at short notice is vastly greater than is that of the uneducated or unlearned man.

In different homes the resources at command are so different that I must not try to advise much as to your next step. There are many good catalogues of books, with indexes to subjects.

The "Cross-References" of the Astor Catalogue, and of the Boston Library Catalogue, are invaluable to all readers, young or old. Your teacher at school can help you in nothing more than in directing you to the books you need on any subject.

Do not go and say, "Miss Winstanley, or Miss Parsons, I want a nice book"; but have sense enough to know what you want it to be about. Be able to say, "Miss Parsons, I should like to know about heraldry," or "about Robert Browning," or "about the

'Mysteries of Udolpho.'" Miss Parsons will tell you what to read. And she will be very glad to tell you. Or if you are not at school, this very thing among others is what the minister is for. Do not be frightened. He will be very glad to see you. Go round to his house, not on Saturday, but at the time he receives guests, and say to him: "Mr. Ingham, we girls have made quite a collection of old porcelain, and we want to know more about it. Will you be kind enough to tell us where we can find anything about porcelain? We have read Miss Edgeworth's 'Prussian Vase' and we have read 'Palissy the Potter,' and we should like to know more about Sèvres, and Dresden, and Palissy." Ingham will be delighted, and in a fortnight, if you will go to work, you will know more about what you ask for than any one person knows in America.

And I do not mean that all your reading is to be digging or hard work. I can show that I do not, by supposing that we carry out the plan of writing down the books which such detail suggests to us. Perhaps Venice seemed to you the most interesting. If we follow that up, we shall find our book list for Venice, just as it comes, in no order but that of accident, is:—

St. Real, "Relation des Espagnols contre Venise."

Otway's "Venice Preserved."

Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

Howell's "Venetian Life."

Blondus, "De Origine Venetorum."

Muratori's "Annals."

Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."

D'Israeli's "Contarini Fleming."

Contarina, "Della Repubblica di Venetia."

Flagg, "Venice from 1797 to 1849."

Crassus, "De Republica Veneta."

Voltaire's "General History."

Sismondi's "History of Italy."

Lord Byron's "Letters."

"Sketches from Venetian History," Fam. Library, 26, 27.

"Venetian History," Hazlett.

Dandolo, G., "La Caduta della Repubblica di Venezia." (The Fall of the Republic of Venice.)

Ridolfi, C., "Lives of Venetian Painters."

Monagan, J. T., "Late Events in Venice."

Delavigne, "Marino Faliero, a Historical Drama."

Lord Byron, The same.

Smedley's "Sketches from Venetian History."

Daru, "Hist. de la Republique de Venise."

So much for the way in which to choose your books. As to the choice, you will make it, not I.

If you are a girl of sense, or a boy of sense, you will choose, when you have made your list, at least two books, determined to master them. You will choose one on the side of information, and one for the purpose of amusement, on the side of fancy. If you chose in "Venice" the "Merchant of Venice," you will not add to it "Venice Preserved," but you will add to it, say, the Venetian chapters of Sismondi's "Italy." You will read every day; and you will divide your reading time into the two departments,—you will read for fact and you will read for fancy. Roots must have leaves, you know, and leaves must have roots. Bodies must have spirits, and, for this world at least, spirits must have bodies. Fact must be lightened by fancy, and fancy must be balanced by fact. Making this the principle of your selection, you may, nay, you must, select for yourselves your books.—"*How To Do It*," by E. E. Hale.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ELBERFELD HORSES.

(Continued from last number.)

I found Herr Krall in his goldsmith's shop, a sort of palace of Golconda, streaming and glittering with the most precious pearls and stones on earth. Herr Krall, it is well to remember, in order to dispel any suspicion of pecuniary interest, is a rich manufacturer whose family for three generations from father to son have conducted one of the most important jewelry businesses in Germany. His researches, so far from bringing him the least profit, cost him a great deal of money, take up all his leisure and some part of the time which he would otherwise devote to his business, and, as usually happens, procure him from his fellow-citizens and from not a few scientific men more annoyance, unfair criticism, and sarcasm than consideration or gratitude. His work is pre-eminently the disinterested and thankless task of the apostle and pioneer.

We go together through the streets and along the bustling quays of Elberfeld to the stable situated at a few hundred steps from the shop. The horses are taking the air outside the doors of their boxes in the yard shaded by a lime-tree. There are four of them: Muhamed, the most intelligent, the most gifted of them all, the great mathematician of the party; his double, Zarif, a little less advanced, less tractable, craftier, but at the same time more fanciful, more spontaneous and capable of occasional disconcerting sallies; next Hänschen, a little Shetland

pony, hardly bigger than a Newfoundland dog, the street-urchin of the band, always quivering with excitement, roguish, flighty, uncertain, and passionate, but ready in a moment to work you out the most difficult addition and multiplication sums with a furious scrape of the hoof.

But I ask to see the great pioneer, Kluge Hans, Clever Hans.

Before the sitting begins, while the master is making his morning inspection, I go up to Muhamed, speak to him and pat him, looking straight into his eyes meanwhile in order to catch a sign of his genius. The handsome creature, well bred and in hard condition, is as calm and trusting as a dog. He shows himself excessively gracious and friendly and tries to give me some huge licks and mighty kisses, which I do my best to avoid because they are a little unexpected and over demonstrative. The expression of his limpid ante-lope eyes is deep, serious, and remote, but it differs in no wise from that of his brothers, who for thousands of years have seen nothing but brutality and ingratitude in man. If we were able to read anything there, it would not be that insufficient and vain little effort which we call thought, but rather an indefinable, vast anxiety, a tear-dimmed regret for the boundless, stream-crossed plains where his sires sported at will before they knew man's yoke. In any case, to see him thus fastened by a halter to the stable door, beating off the flies and absently pawing the cobbles, Muhamed is nothing more than a well-trained horse who seems to be waiting for his saddle or harness, and who hides his new secret as profoundly as all the others which nature has buried in him.

But they are summoning me to take my place in the stable where the lessons are given. It is a small room, empty and bare, with peat-moss litter bedding and whitewashed walls. The horse is separated from the people present by breast-high wooden partitions. Opposite the four-legged scholar is a blackboard, nailed to the wall, and on one side a corn-bin, which forms a seat for the spectators. Muhamed is led in. Krall, who is a little nervous, makes no secret of his uneasiness. His horses are fickle animals, uncertain, capricious, and extremely sensitive. A trifle disturbs them, confuses them, puts them off. At such times, threats, prayers, and even the irresistible charm of carrots and good rye-bread are useless. They obstinately refuse to do any work, and they answer at random. Everything depends on a whim, the state of the weather, the morning meal, or the impression which the visitor makes upon them. Still, Krall seems to

know by certain imperceptible signs that this is not going to be a bad day. Muhamed quivers with excitement, snorts loudly through his nostrils, utters a series of indistinct little whinnys,—excellent symptoms, it appears. I take my seat on the corn-bin. The master, standing beside the blackboard, chalk in hand, introduces me to Muhamed in due form as to a human being.

"Muhamed, attention! This is your uncle,"—pointing to me,—"who has come all the way to honor you with a visit. Mind you don't disappoint him. His name is Maeterlinck." Krall pronounces the first syllable German-fashion: Mah. "You understand, Maeterlinck. Now show him that you know your letters and that you can spell a name correctly, like a clever boy. Go ahead; we're listening." Muhamed gives a short neigh, and on the small, movable board at his feet strikes first with his right hoof and then with his left the number of blows which correspond with the letter M in the conventional alphabet used by the horses. Then, one after the other, without stopping or hesitating, he marks the letters A, D, R, L, I, N, S, H, representing the unexpected aspect which my humble name assumes in the equine mind and phonetics. His attention is called to the fact that there is a mistake. He readily agrees and replaces the S, H, by a G and then the G by a K. They insist that he must put a T instead of the D; but Muhamed, content with his work, shakes his head to say no, and refuses to make any further corrections. I assure you that the first shock is rather disturbing, however much one expected it. I am quite aware that, when one describes these things, one is taken for a dupe too readily dazzled by the doubtless childish illusion of an ingeniously contrived scene. But what contrivances, what illusions have we here? Do they lie in the spoken word? Why, to admit that the horse understands and translates his master's words is just to accept the most extraordinary part of the phenomenon! Is it a case of surreptitious touches or conventional signs? However simple-minded one may be, one would nevertheless notice them more easily than a horse, even a horse of genius. Krall never lays a hand on the animal. He moves all around the little stable, which contains no appliances of any sort; for the most part he stands behind the horse, which is unable to see him, or comes and sits beside his guest on the innocuous corn-bin, busying himself, while lecturing his pupil, in writing up the minutes of the lesson. He also welcomes with the most serene readiness any restrictions or tests which you propose. I

assure you that the thing itself is much simpler and clearer than the suspicions of the arm-chair critics and that the most distrustful mind would not entertain the faintest idea of fraud in the frank, wholesome atmosphere of the old stable.

"But," some one might have said, "Krall, who knew that you were coming to Elberfeld, had, of course, thoroughly rehearsed his little exercise in spelling, which apparently is only an exercise in memory." For conscience' sake, though I did not look upon the objection as serious, I submitted it to Krall, who at once said:—

"Try it for yourself. Dictate to the horse any German word of two or three syllables, emphasizing it strongly. I'll go out of the stable and leave you alone with him." Behold Muhamed and me by ourselves. I confess that I am a little frightened. I have many a time felt less uncomfortable in the presence of the great ones or the kings of the earth. Whom am I dealing with exactly? However, I summon my courage and speak aloud the first word that occurs to me, the name of the hotel at which I am staying: Weidenhof. At first Muhamed, who seems a little puzzled by his master's absence, appears not to hear me, and does not even deign to notice that I am there. But I repeat eagerly, in varying tones of voice, by turns insinuating, threatening, beseeching, and commanding:—

"Weidenhof! Weidenhof! Weidenhof!"

At last my mysterious companion suddenly makes up his mind to lend me his ears, and straightway blithely raps out the following letters, which I write down on the blackboard as they come:—

W E I D N H O Z

It is a magnificent specimen of equine spelling. Triumphant and bewildered, I call in friend Krall, who, accustomed as he is to the prodigy, thinks it quite natural, but knits his brows:—

"What's this, Muhamed? You've made a mistake again. It's an F you want at the end of the word, not a Z. Just correct it at once, please."

And the docile Muhamed, recognizing his blunder, gives the three blows with his right hoof, followed by the four blows with his left, which represent the most unexceptional F that one could ask for.

Observe, by the way, the logic of his phonetic writing. Contrary to his habit, he strikes the mute E after the W, because it is indispensable; but, finding it included in the D, he considers it superfluous and suppresses it with a high hand.

You rub your eyes, question yourself, ask yourself in the presence of what humanized phenomenon, of what unknown force, of what new creature you stand. Was all this what they hid in their eyes, those silent brothers of ours? You blush at man's long injustice. You look around for some sort of trace, obvious or subtle, of the mystery. You feel yourself attacked in your innermost and most impregnable citadel. You have felt a breath from the abyss upon your face. You would not be more astonished if you suddenly heard the voice of the dead. But the most astonishing thing is that you are not astonished for long. We all, unknown to ourselves, live in the expectation of the extraordinary, and, when it comes, it moves us much less than did the expectation. It is as though a sort of higher instinct, which knows everything and is not ignorant of the miracles that hang over our heads, were reassuring us in advance and helping us to make an easy entrance into the regions of the supernatural. There is nothing to which we grow accustomed more readily than to the marvellous; and it is only afterwards, upon reflection, that our intelligence, which knows hardly anything, appreciates the magnitude of certain phenomena.

But Muhamed gives unmistakable signs of impatience to show that he has had enough of spelling. Thereupon, as a diversion and a reward, his kind master suggests the extraction of a few square and cubic roots. Muhamed appears delighted. These are his favorite problems, for he takes less interest than formerly in the most difficult multiplications and divisions. He doubtless thinks them beneath him.—*Maeterlinck*, in "*The Unknown Guest*."

BIOGRAPHY.

THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF JOHN MILTON.

(Continued from last number.)

We now leave the writings of Milton to offer a few remarks on his *moral* qualities. His moral character was as strongly marked as his intellectual, and it may be expressed in one word, *magnanimity*. It was in harmony with his poetry. He had a passionate love of the higher, more commanding, and majestic virtues, and fed his youthful mind with meditations on the perfection of a human being. In a letter written to an Italian friend before his thirtieth year, and translated by Hayley, we have this vivid picture of his aspirations after virtue:—

"As to other points, what God may have determined for me I know not; but this I know, that if he ever instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, he has instilled it into mine. Ceres, in the fable, pursued not her daughter with a greater keenness of inquiry, than I day and night the idea of perfection. Hence, wherever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire, in sentiment, language, and conduct, to what the highest wisdom, through every age, has taught us as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment; and if I am so influenced by nature or destiny, that by no exertion or labors of my own, I may exalt myself to this summit of worth and honor, yet no powers of heaven or earth will hinder me from looking with reverence and affection upon those, who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appeared engaged in the successful pursuit of it."

His "*Comus*" was written in his twenty-sixth year, and on reading this exquisite work our admiration is awakened, not so much by observing how the whole spirit of poetry had descended on him at that early age, as by witnessing how his whole youthful soul was penetrated, awed, and lifted up by the austere charms, "the radiant light," the invincible power, the celestial peace of saintly virtue. He revered moral purity and elevation, not only for its own sake, but as the inspirer of intellect, and especially of the higher efforts of poetry. "I was confirmed," he says, in his usual noble style,—

"I was confirmed in this opinion; that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing of high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

We learn from his works, that he used his multifarious reading to build up within himself this reverence for virtue. Ancient history, the sublime musings of Plato, and the heroic self-abandonment of chivalry, joined their influences with prophets and apostles, in binding him "everlastingly in willing homage" to the great, the honorable, and the lovely in character. A remarkable passage to this effect, we quote from his account of his youth:—

"I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount, in solemn cantos, the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read

it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood or of his life, if it so befell him, the honor and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn. . . . So that even these, books which to many others have been the fuel of wontonness and loose living, I cannot think how, unless by divine indulgence, proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of virtue."

All Milton's habits were expressive of a refined and self-denying character. When charged by his unprincipled slanderers with licentious habits, he thus gives an account of his morning hours:—

"Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring, in winter often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labor, or devotion; in summer as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary or memory have its full fraught; then with useful and generous labors preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations, rather than to see the ruin of our protestation, and the enforcement of a slavish life."

We have enlarged on the strictness and loftiness of Milton's virtue, not only from our interest in the subject, but that we may put to shame and silence, those men who make genius an apology for vice, and take the sacred fire, kindled by God within them, to inflame men's passions, and to minister to a vile sensuality.

We see Milton's greatness of mind in his fervent and constant attachment to liberty. Freedom, in all its forms and branches, was dear to him, but especially freedom of thought and speech, of conscience and worship, freedom to seek, profess, and propagate truth. The liberty of ordinary politicians, which protects men's outward rights, and removes restraints from the pursuit of property and outward good, fell very short of that for which Milton lived, and was ready to die. The tyranny which he hated most was that which broke the intellectual and moral power of the community. The worst feature of the institutions which he assailed was, that they fettered the mind. He felt within

himself, that the human mind had a principle of perpetual growth, that it was essentially diffusive and made for progress, and he wished every chain broken, that it might run the race of truth and virtue with increasing ardor and success. This attachment to a spiritual and refined freedom, which never forsook him in the hottest controversies, contributed greatly to protect his genius, imagination, taste, and sensibility, from the withering and polluting influences of public station, and of the rage of parties. It threw a hue of poetry over politics, and gave a sublime reference to his service of the commonwealth. The fact that Milton, in that stormy day, and amidst the trials of public office, kept his high faculties undepraved, was a proof of no common greatness. Politics, however they make the intellect active, sagacious, and inventive, within a certain sphere, generally extinguish its thirst for universal truth, paralyze sentiment and imagination, corrupt the simplicity of the mind, destroy that confidence in human virtue, which lies at the foundation of philanthropy and generous sacrifices, and end in cold and prudent selfishness. Milton passed through a revolution, which, in its last stages and issue, was peculiarly fitted to damp enthusiasm, to scatter the visions of hope, and to infuse doubts of the reality of virtuous principle; and yet the ardor, and moral feeling, and enthusiasm of his youth came forth unhurt, and even exalted, from the trial.

Before quitting the subject of Milton's devotion to liberty, it ought to be recorded, that he wrote his celebrated "Defence of the People of England," after being distinctly forewarned by his physicians, that the effect of this exertion would be the utter loss of sight. His reference to this part of his history, in a short poetical effusion, is too characteristic to be withheld. It is inscribed to Cyriac Skinner, the friend to whom he appears to have confided his lately discovered "Treatise on Christian Doctrine."

"Cyriac, this three years day these eyes,
though clear

To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the
year,

Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a
jot

Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost
thou ask?

The conscience, Friend, to have lost them
overplied

In Liberty's defence, my noble task,

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the
world's vain mask,
Content though blind had I no better
guide."

We see Milton's magnanimity in the circumstances under which "Paradise Lost" was written. It was not in prosperity, in honor, and amidst triumphs, but in disappointment, desertion, and in what the world calls disgrace, that he composed that work. The cause, with which he had identified himself, had failed. His friends were scattered; liberty was trodden under foot, and her devoted champion was a by-word among the triumphant royalists. But it is the prerogative of true greatness to glorify itself in adversity, and to meditate and execute vast enterprises in defeat. Milton, fallen in outward condition, afflicted with blindness, disappointed in his best hopes, applied himself with characteristic energy to the sublimest achievement of intellect, solacing himself with great thoughts, with splendid creations, and with a prophetic confidence, that, however neglected in his own age, he was framing in his works a bond of union and fellowship with the illustrious spirits of a brighter day. We delight to contemplate him in his retreat and last years. To the passing spectator, he seemed fallen and forsaken, and his blindness was reproached as a judgment from God. But though sightless, he lived in light. His inward eye ranged through universal nature, and his imagination shed on it brighter beams than the sun. Heaven, and hell, and paradise were open to him. He visited past ages, and gathered round him ancient sages and heroes, prophets and apostles, brave knights and gifted bards. As he looked forward, ages of liberty dawned and rose to his view, and he felt that he was about to bequeath to them an inheritance of genius, "which would not fade away," and was to live in the memory, reverence, and love of remotest generations.

[Dr. Channing here proceeds to a particular examination of the edition of Milton's "Treatise on Christian Doctrine" which had just been issued and which he was reviewing for the *Examiner*.]

His introduction is worthy every man's attention, as a deliberate, mild assertion of the dearest right of human nature, that of free inquiry.

"If I communicate the result of my inquiries to the world at large; if, as God is my witness, it be with a friendly and benignant feeling towards mankind, that I readily give as wide a circulation as possible to what I

esteem my best and richest possession, I hope to meet with a candid reception from all parties, and that none at least will take unjust offence, even though many things should be brought to light, which will at once be seen to differ from certain received opinions. I earnestly beseech all lovers of truth, not to cry out that the church is thrown into confusion by that freedom of discussion and inquiry, which is granted to the schools, and ought certainly to be refused to no believer, since we are ordered to *prove all things*, and since the daily progress of the light of truth is productive, far less of disturbance to the church, than of illumination and edification."

"It has also been my object to make it appear from the opinions I shall be found to have advanced, whether new or old, of how much consequence to the Christian religion is the liberty, not only of winnowing and sifting every doctrine, but also of thinking and even writing respecting it, according to our individual faith and persuasion; an inference which will be stronger in proportion to the weight and importance of those opinions, or rather in proportion to the authority of Scripture, on the abundant testimony of which they rest. Without this liberty there is neither religion nor gospel,—force alone prevails, by which it is disgraceful for the Christian religion to be supported. Without this liberty we are still enslaved, not indeed, as formerly, under the divine law, but, what is worst of all, under the law of man, or, to speak more truly, under a barbarous tyranny."—*William Ellery Channing*.

BE KIND.

Be kind, dear children. The world will bless
The heart that delights to relieve distress—
The hand that is ready to offer aid
The child or animal made afraid,
Be kind.

Be kind, dear children. The heart grows
strong
That shuns to be partner with any wrong;
The noblest men that the earth has known
Have lived not unto themselves alone.
Be kind.

Be kind, dear children, and you shall see
Eyes look into yours so gratefully.
Though lips speak not, there is language yet,
And the heart of a brute will not forget.
Be kind.

Be kind, dear children, for God hath said—
The words in his holy Book you read—
The merciful mercy shall obtain.
If you would his loving favor gain,
Be kind.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

I brought good desires, though as yet but seeds:

Let the New Year make them blossom into deeds.

I brought Joy to brighten many happy days: Let the New Year's Angel turn it into Praise.

If I gave you Sickness, if I brought you Care, Let him make one Patience, and the other Prayer.

If I brought you Plenty, all wealth's bounteous charms,

Shall not the new Angel turn them into Alms? If I brought Temptation, let Sin die away

Into boundless Pity for all hearts that stray. May you hold this Angel dearer than the last,—

Lo, I bless his Future, while he crowns my Past!

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

MY BEST WISH FOR MY FRIENDS.

I wish the flow of ample life, active, pure, gladsome, effective, every organ sound, the nerves in tune, all the senses quick to bear tidings, every muscle keen to do the bidding of the will. I wish God's gift of healthy life.

I wish for strong and clear intelligence, the fair and open mind to see and know truth, to distinguish values, to enjoy beauty, to share the thoughts of God. I wish for a mind through which the light plays, free of ignorance or prejudice, eager to know more, fearless to push forth into the deep. I wish vision and wisdom. I wish for a mind apt and trained to worthy practical uses, to skilled service, to patient labor, to feats of courage and endurance, alert to teach little children or give judicious counsel in strenuous affairs, to act alone or to co-operate harmoniously with others. I wish for a mind through which full tides of thought may flow, lifting it to the heights of modest assurance, revealing order and unity.

I wish still more for my friends. I wish for that without which health of body and mind cannot be—for what fulfils and completes the human life. I ask for the gift of the good spirit, the witness within us of the reality and the presence of God. I wish truth, honor, conscience, and the good-will, ever and anon springing out of the depths in us, faithful, constant, generous, magnanimous, and friendly. It bids us trust one another, to bear no grudge or enmity, to appreciate whatever is good, to hope for the best, to deny egotism and selfishness, to be glad of other men's successes as adding more to the gain of all.

This was the good spirit in Jesus and therefore the world loves him. Heroes, singers,

teachers, and leaders of men in every land have borne witness to it; and hosts of simple people, dear friends of ours, of deathless memory, possessed it.

The good spirit shines into the darkness, and every dull surface reflects it. It changes the face of the world. It clears away evil things. It stirs in the children and makes their smiles more beautiful than the flowers. It catches the heart of the youth and they grow noble and daring; their work ceases to be drudgery; duty becomes joyous. The good spirit comes to the weak and adds will and hope. It visits the hurt, the defeated, the lonely, the sick, and gives a new hold upon life. It looks out of the eyes of the dying and is not afraid. It is stronger than armed force. It can seize the minds of warring nations and bind them into a brotherhood. It holds the eternal secret,—to overcome evil with good. It bears a message of hope to evil-doers. It bids them to stop doing evil and begin to do good, to stop trying to get things for themselves and begin at once to give their best and do their best, as God gives light and love.

I wish nothing so much for my friends as the gift of the spirit. We all need nothing so much. Nothing else is so real. The things that we see can be measured and valued. This is infinite; there is no limit to faith, or love, or hope. The good spirit is more than the stars in space; it uses suns and stars, atoms and forces for its mighty ends. It is more than intelligence, for it adds love. We do not create it. We only take it and use it, and share it and pour it out, like life, and pass it on. What else is it but the innermost life of the world? Let us open our hearts, and it flows in from the inexhaustible sources.

Here is my highest wish for my friends. What more can I wish for them?—*Charles F. Dole.*

A DOG WITH A WOODEN LEG.

Did you ever hear of a dog having a wooden leg? I know a man near where I live who has a small dog, one of whose front legs was crushed some time ago by a wagon wheel. Being something of a surgeon, his master carefully amputated the crushed leg, and, when the wound was healed, provided the dog with a light and strong wooden leg. In the course of time the dog, which is a very intelligent little animal, became aware that he could rest his weight upon this wooden leg, and use it for all ordinary purposes. In walking or trotting, the dog always used his artificial limb; but, if he has occasion to do any fast running or leaping, he will

gracefully hold up the wooden leg, and depend solely upon the other three for the service required.—*Globe-Democrat*.

The Editor regrets extremely that the address of Mrs. Emma Backus was printed incorrectly in the November number of the *Cheerful Letter*. She asks the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* kindly to notice that the correct address of Mrs. Backus is 633 3rd Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida. Mrs. Backus was in Georgia during the summer, but is now in Florida.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

MISS ANNA GRAMM'S SHAKESPEARIAN DINNER PARTY.

Miss "Anna Gramm" sent her requests, Inviting some "Shakespearian" guests To dine with her.

One hundred covers
Were laid for maidens and their lovers.
Though Donnelly and Bacon there
Conspicuous by their absence were,
Full many a Lady, Squire, and Lord
Gathered around the festive board;
But who they were and whence they came,
Who guesses first will win the game.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. A large printed chant. | 23. Ground my ire ajar. |
| 2. Tire in pack harness. | 24. A very grand noble. |
| 3. Oats harm mother. | 25. Laura S. Juices. |
| 4. Taurus slit it. | 26. A rag on it. |
| 5. Throw me real wit. | 27. Fancy a doubled girl. |
| 6. Let me cure limbs. | 28. Trust to Doc. B. |
| 7. All undo my gate. | 29. For Susy choked. |
| 8. Fibs spoil cholera. | 30. Rival gents. |
| 9. Magog has river rats. | 31. Tax the rich H. less. |
| 10. Vines desert rooms. | 32. Confound a leak! |
| 11. Harp is to let. | 33. Lo, a windmill grows. |
| 12. A vittle mixer, sorr. | 34. Go to a noble club. |
| 13. Not a Rabbi. | 35. No, hire me. |
| 14. La, I slice Arms by wit. | 36. O I C, acute Vassar. |
| 15. Scene for scarfpin. | 37. Meat screen. |
| 16. I grow Sunday. | 38. Rolleth home, too. |
| 17. Thus we help India. | 39. I sang unto. |
| 18. Rear log-man. | 40. Red hot salt eel. |
| 19. Our cash 'vails nix. | 41. Is he, or not? |
| 20. Moist rubies abound. | 42. An oil-band. |
| 21. Got hers in June. | 43. Dear Loon. |
| 22. So hoe mud for pies. | 44. Aid us, March. |
| | 45. Made by latch. |
| | 46. Hit on call. |
| | 47. We led one wrong. |

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 48. He cotton us. | 76. A flunky abode. |
| 49. A tin love. | 77. His miracle. |
| 50. O Sal, mop Bess. | 78. I sell mud pie, Ma. |
| 51. Dad and I adore Romona. | 79. In a red barn. |
| 52. A fencing fork. | 80. I know a harsh hatter. |
| 53. Eschew their T. | 81. Dude's master. |
| 54. Nail up parch'd land. | 82. Lions cut loose; run Fose! |
| 55. Live on chill sojer. | 83. Given us harsh. |
| 56. A lie rubs. | 84. Scour in a dust tin. |
| 57. Ah! sly music. | 85. Bid us hope. |
| 58. A funeral crier. | 86. Dol, I try me arm. |
| 59. Men are pangs. | 87. Tired muse. |
| 60. Real log forest. | 88. Ripe corn for a nag. |
| 61. Run, idle gents. | 89. First Baron. |
| 62. Choir lady. | 90. Alik, a slim raw sheep. |
| 63. Hunt us up some altos. | 91. Close ruin. |
| 64. Is thy cobbler. | 92. A charm'd one. |
| 65. A lunar chip. | 93. If a Turk had our aces. |
| 66. 'Eroic lad. | 94. Oracle tap. |
| 67. Done me sad. | 95. Mug or ale. |
| 68. Honest man of it. | 96. Sin's ear. |
| 69. Adorable fruit can. | 97. Lost such dogs free. |
| 70. Cry, her ship lost. | 98. O call pale June! |
| 71. In a caul. | 99. Fan on hot jug. |
| 72. A hop nest. | 100. Scour a lion. |
| 73. Mud is a ter'or. | |
| 74. A fossil by a ruler. | |
| 75. Lady Nero. | |

—*Good Housekeeping*.

Answers to puzzles in the December number.

I. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Christmas.

II. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. James Otis. 2. Horatio Nelson. 3. Israel Putnam. 4. Charles Sumner. 5. George A. Henty.

III. DECEMBER GEOGRAPHY.—

1. Pope (Ill.).
2. Holmes (Miss.).
3. Issaquena (Miss.).
4. Lawrence (Ala.).
5. Appanoose (Ia.).
6. Donley (Tex.).
7. Elkhart (Ind.).
8. Lavaca (Tex.).
9. Palo Alto (Ia.).
10. Hardin (Ill.).
11. Irion (Tex.).
12. Autauga (Ala.).

Star path, Pennsylvania. Initials, Philadelphia. 1 to 8, Delaware; 9 to 16, Illinois.

IV. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

J A R G O N
A R R I V E
N A R R O W
U N T I D Y
A L P I N E
R E G I N A
Y O N D E R

Initials, January; finals, New Year.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The present address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is 633 3d Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

The regular monthly meeting of The Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, January 7, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests: For Bibles, either for requests or offers, apply to Mrs. Laura Hallett, Myrtle Terrace, Winchester, Mass. For scraps for patchwork, for requests or offers, to Mrs. E. H. Brigham, 72 Walnut Street, Brookline, Mass. For music, for requests or offers, to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Miss Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursdays afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Ave., Quincy, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.